

## HOME READING.

## By the River.

The wind wailing  
Through the endless trees;  
The gray clouds sailing  
Over the western breeze.  
The river flows beside the river,  
A young and fair and tired eye;  
The stream quiver,  
And the willows shiver,  
As the wind sweep by.  
The hills and seas are roaming  
Aross the horizon more,  
The sun is coming,  
Through the tall autumn gloaming,  
As the day of yore?

Two bright blue eyes that glistened,  
One happy blush rose, thin,  
A slender heart that listened,  
To the breathless lips that christened  
Her love the "wife he chose!"

How oft he turned in leaving  
For yet another kiss!  
How soft the girl's grieving,  
And sweet that doleful kiss!  
Should ever cloud their bliss!

Bright were summer sunlight,  
Was full upon the stream.  
He made his truth her one light,  
And in the autumn dim light,  
She had her broken dream.

Show her noel shaken,  
She knew her trust was gone;  
What hope dead faith can awaken?  
Betrayed, forgot, forsaken,  
The woman stood—alone!

Hushed was the bitter weeping,  
As over her closed the night;  
When dawn on dark was creeping,  
The morning breeze was sweeping,  
Where broad and pure and white,

Frolics swayed to cover  
The fair, pale face beneath;  
Where, pain and passion over,  
Frood from a faultless lover,  
Sorrow lay flushed in death.

*All the Year Round.*

## Wake, Wake the Glad Song.

Wake, wake the loud song o'er the land of the free,  
As we sing the bright deeds of our fathers, before;  
And sing the glad song from mountain to sea,  
While millions' ecstacy repeat the loud chords!  
Suppose let it roll, from pole unto pole,  
Till its fullness shall thrill through the depths of the soul,  
And the bondage of man to the tyrant shall cease,  
And shall die in the morning of Temperance and Peace.

II.  
Joy now with thy land that is marshalled to day,  
In the strife with the foe as we press on to glory,  
And break the chains we shall throw them away;  
With our triumph shall swell with the love bearing story;  
And onward we tread with banners outspread,  
As we dash the dark foe to the doom of the dead,  
For the earth shall be free and the light shall increase,  
Till it breaks in a morning of Temperance and Peace.

## My First Murder.

I never realized until quite lately what a lot of the fellow who write books and things have to answer for. For instance, I am pretty sure that I should never have thought of committing murder but for a particular article in the *Coghill Magazine*. I don't often read magazine articles, but this one was brought to my notice in a rather exceptional way. I had occasion to pay a visit to my dentist, and on being shown into his waiting room, I observed at once that there was an addition to the current literature upon the table. I had been there from circumstances over which I have unfortunately no control) so frequently that I knew the list by heart. There was a volume of *Doubt* for 1872, a list of the Governors of University Hospital, the "Adventures of Mr. Lobsburg," by Albert Smith; the second volume of "Mr. Carrington," by Mortimer Collins; a time-table of the South-Eastern Railway, and several odd numbers of the "Transactions of the Odontological Society." I had tried them all, at various times, and had found them, without exception, nasty. I'd only anyone to enjoy humor, even in the most revolting description, with those bawling doors staring him in the face, and a gap of anguish occasionally audible behind them. I had made several attempts at "Mr. Carrington," but when you have no means of ascertaining either how a story begins or how it ends, the interest soon flags and I never got beyond the seven tenth page. With the other books, I had still less success, for obvious reasons. Under such circumstances it may be imagined that I caught sight of the familiar yellow cover of the *Coghill* with much satisfaction. I found, to my surprise, that it was a quite recent number, bearing date September last. I pounced upon it, and was soon deep in a highly interesting story, entitled "The Curated Charside." It set forth how a nice young curate, by name Walter Dene, of charming manners and artistic tastes—a man who showed the tenderest solicitude for little girls, and a touching consideration even for their aged grandmothers—was impelled, by pressure of circumstances, to murder his uncle. He had always had a prejudice against murderers, whom I pictured to myself as vulgar and brutal persons like the late Mr. Peace, but I began to see that there might be another side to the question. The story showed in the clearest and most unmistakable manner that Walter Dene really had no alternative. He had set the easiest wish to murder his uncle, but the old gentleman formed an obstacle to Walter's union with an amiable and deserving young lady, and it was absolutely necessary that he should be removed. Accord-

ing to the story, Walter makes up his mind to remove his uncle, so stabbing him artistically in the back with a bowie knife. It shows the daring, kindheartedness of the man that, having, in withdrawing the knife, accidentally wounded the paw of the murdered man's favorite spaniel, Walter Dene sits down quietly to the side of the corpse and washes the dog's wounded limb with his pocket handkerchief. I had reached

this point in the story when the folding doors opened. My dentist appeared in the opening, with his usual crocodile smile (I never could realize crocodiles tears but I can picture their smile exactly), and beckoned me in. I had to lay down the story unfinished, and to this day I don't know what ultimately became of the tender-hearted murderer.

For the next half hour or so my attention was diverted from the subject by extreme personal discomfort, but on leaving, the chamber of horrors and regaining the street, the history came back to me with renewed vividness. I found myself examining Walter Dene's arguments for the suppression of his uncle with a sort of personal interest. For I, too, have an uncle. I, too, love (and am loved by) a charming girl, and my uncle is the only obstacle to our union. I don't mean to say that he objects to it—quite the contrary; but the mere fact of his continuing to exist, and thereby retaining possession of his money, which would otherwise come to me, is an effectual bar to our happiness. Dear Julia is a charming girl, but like the young lady in the song, her face is her fortune, and it is hardly to be supposed that I, Benjamin Grylls, a clerk in Her Majesty's Civil Service, at £150 a year, could marry on that, even with the additional hundred or so my uncle allows me. Really the parallel was wonderfully close. In some respects, indeed, mine was the stronger case. For the Reverend Walter Dene's uncle was not (save by the mere fact of his existence) objectionable. Mine was! Not to mention his disgusting habit of calling me Benny, and of cracking what he was pleased to consider jokes at my expense, he had sundry manners and customs which, to a delicate-minded person, were extremely offensive. He would wear, for instance, a shirt with collar and necktie, and not infrequently he would come down to breakfast without collar or necktie, and not always in the cleanest of shirts. Now, if there is one thing more than another on which I pride myself, it is my shirts. I always wear (Uncle Thomas pays the laundry's bill) a clean shirt every day, and my cuffs and collars are the envy of all the fellows in our office.

I come down to breakfast looking, I trust myself, like a gentleman. Uncle Thomas shambles in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour later with his carpet slippers, his shirt front rumpled as if he had slept in it, and very often so frayed out at the buttonholes that the studs won't hold in them. When I entreat him to show more self-respect, and to buy himself half a dozen of decent shirts, the old reprobate only has the coarseness to tell me he can't afford it. "Ah, Benny, my boy," he often says, "you haven't an extravagant nephew to keep going as I have." And then he laughs till he nearly chokes himself, and I have to slap him on the back to bring him to. I hate a man that laughs at his own jokes. And of an evening he drinks two tumblers of hot gin and water, and then he throws his handkerchief (colored cotton) over his head and snores. Surely, if Walter Dene was excusable in getting rid of such a comparatively inoffensive uncle as I, I should be more than justified in removing mine. And then, again, there was nobody to regret my uncle. Walter Dene's uncle may have had any number of other relations; it is clear that he had at least one other nephew because Walter had a brother. My uncle had not a soul in the world to regret him but myself, and if I was prepared to reign over him, but otherwise made no sign. Presently he told me he can't afford it. "Ah, Benny, my boy," he often says, "you haven't an extravagant nephew to keep going as I have." And then he laughs till he nearly chokes himself, and I have to slap him on the back to bring him to. I hate a man that laughs at his own jokes. And of an evening he drinks two tumblers of hot gin and water, and then he throws his handkerchief (colored cotton) over his head and snores. Surely, if Walter Dene was excusable in getting rid of such a comparatively inoffensive uncle as I, I should be more than justified in removing mine. And then, again, there was nobody to regret my uncle.

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